Hast. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well.
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue *I* beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how *I* am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord,
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day *I* ſweare,
Vntill *I* ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt manet.*
Ha. Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But *I* diſdaind, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſlumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317, 22318) LONDON, 1605, 1612 THE BRITISH LIB